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and

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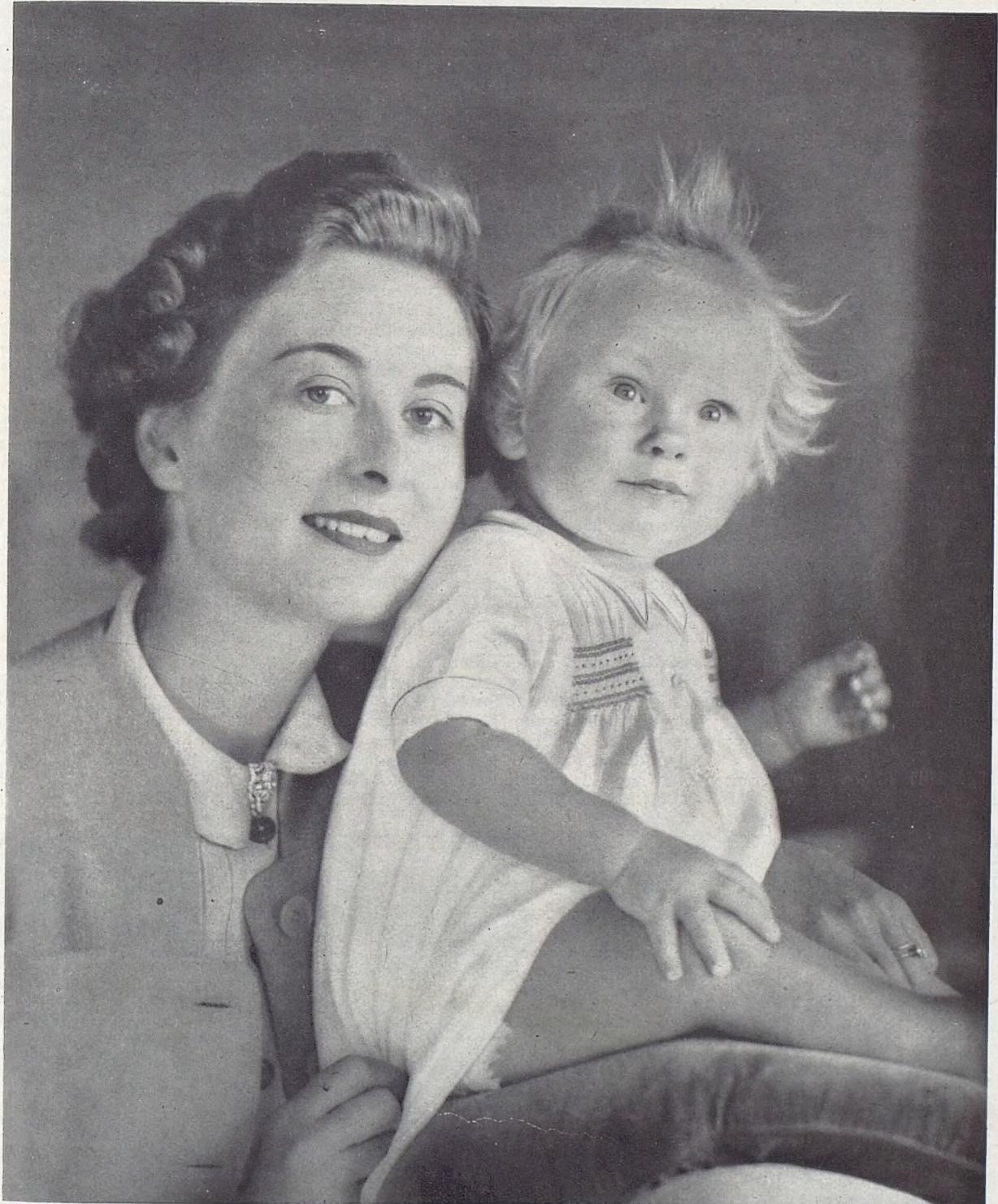
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Marcus Adams

Lady Loder and Her Son, Edmund

The wife of Sir Giles Loder, Bt., was before her marriage in 1939 Miss Marie Symons-Jeune, and is the only daughter of Captain Bertram Symons-Jeune, of Runnymede House, Old Windsor. Since the war Sir Giles and Lady Loder and their small son have been living at Jarman's Farm, Bishop's Waltham, near to where Sir Giles is engaged in shipbuilding, while his wife works in an aircraft factory. Their real home is Leonardslee, near Horsham, famous for its gardens and fine collection of shrubs, particularly rhododendrons. Edmund Jeune Loder is nearly two years old



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Action

THE Prime Minister's sudden and unexpected departure for Washington at the invitation of President Roosevelt, shows more than anything else that both statesmen are aware of the urgent necessity for striking further and heavier blows at the Axis with the least possible delay. If this assumption is true, this latest war conference means that we are now about to mass all available Anglo-American strength to deal Hitler a mortal blow. Mussolini doesn't matter much in the calculations of the United Nations. His end is very near. But Hitler mustn't be allowed any respite. Time can be on his side, as it was on the side of Britain when he failed to follow up his victory over France after our evacuation from Dunkirk.

In military terms Hitler is yet very strong. His defeat in North Africa may not have robbed him of more than five divisions, ten at the most. This is a small loss out of a total of more than two hundred divisions. Against this, however, is the fact that modern armies, large or small, must be supplied with a constant flow of material. The bombing of Germany has done much to interrupt these supplies, and of what use is the biggest and best disciplined army if the sources of supplies on which it depends are smashed? Also to be taken into account is the fact that battles are won with confidence as much as with arms. Confidence in the invincibility of the German armies has been severely damaged. The wholesale surrenders at Stalingrad and in Tunis show a declining morale which must be greatly encouraging to our commanders who are now planning the final assault on the fortress of Europe.

Conference

IT is Mr. Churchill's fifth war conference with President Roosevelt. The reason Mr.

Churchill does not stand on his dignity and hesitate to go to Washington is because he appreciates the heavy strain which would be imposed on President Roosevelt's health if he travelled far and too often. Mr. Churchill does not spare himself, which does not surprise his friends but certainly does worry them and all his supporters. More and more he has become the symbol of Britain's new glory. He is the man who has led us—and the world—from the dark days of defeat to the bright visions of great victories.

It is of more than passing interest that among those accompanying the Prime Minister on this very important occasion is Lord Beaverbrook. Since Lord Beaverbrook retired from the Government a year ago he has been very active in his capacity as an individual member of the House of Lords. In the last few months hardly a week has passed without Lord Beaverbrook making some contribution to the debates. More than once he has shown himself to be a continuing and ardent supporter of Mr. Churchill. The truth is that though Lord Beaverbrook resigned from Mr. Churchill's Government he did not sever his personal relations with the Prime Minister. They are still the closest of friends as this latest development shows.

Tribute

ALL who come back from the Allied Headquarters in North Africa pay unstinting tribute to General Eisenhower. They say that he is a remarkable man who is completely selfless and wholly conscientious. He is the head-piece of all the Allied Armies, and he occupies this position without fear or favour towards anybody. It is quite true that his partnership with General Alexander is one without precedent. They are a perfect combination. Both are determined that nothing shall occur to disrupt this greatest of all combined opera-



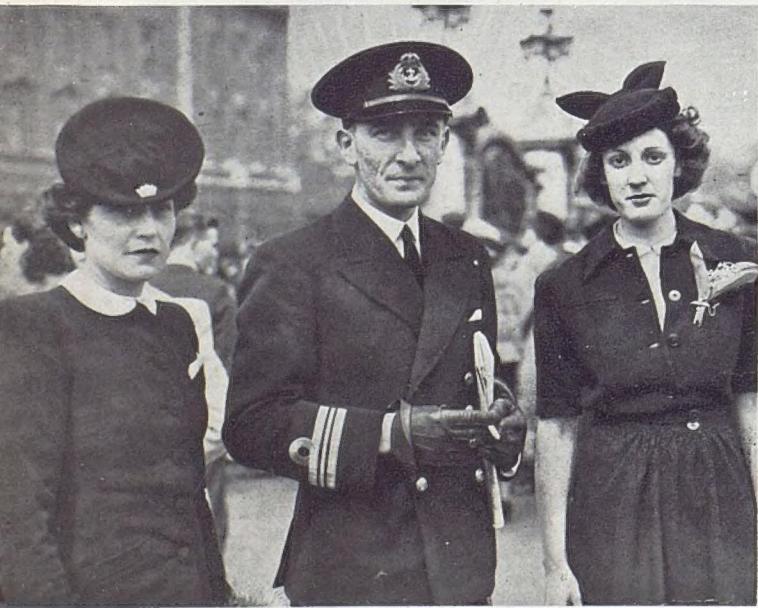
A Recent Appointment

Above is Lt.-Gen. Jacob L. Devers, who succeeded the late Lt.-Gen. Andrews (killed in a recent air crash in Iceland), as Commanding General U.S. Forces in the European Theatre of Operations

tions which is still, of course, only in its embryo stage. And they are able to do this normally difficult feat without either sacrificing his personality. General Eisenhower knows how to delegate responsibility and, above all, how to share the rewards of victory. Every man on his staff, British, American and French, is given every freedom to fulfil his task without interference. When difficulties arise General Eisenhower steps in and smooths them out. In the words of a reliable witness he is "a perfect fixer."

Protection

SOME time ago I ventured to suggest that we should be able to judge whether Hitler had retained his power over the German High Command when we knew what was to be the future of Field Marshal Rommel. If Rommel were compelled to remain in Africa to face



Naval, Army and Air Force Heroes Decorated by the King

Lt.-Com. N. H. G. Austen, D.S.O., R.N., was accompanied to the Buckingham Palace investiture by his wife and daughter, when he went to receive a Bar to his D.S.O. It was awarded in March for distinguished services against the enemy



Col. C. M. F. White, Royal Signals, was awarded the D.S.O. and O.B.E. for his outstanding services during operations resulting in the capture of Tripoli. As Acting Brigadier he was Chief Signal Officer of the Eighth Army. His wife and daughter were at the Palace with him



Anglo-American Co-operation in Tunisia

Lt.-Gen. K. A. N. Anderson, C.B., commanding the First Army, while touring American positions in the northern sector of the Tunisian Front, was photographed with Major-General Bradley, who recently took over command of the 2nd U.S. Army Corps in Tunisia



Distinguished New Zealanders in North Africa

Mr. F. Jones, the New Zealand Defence Minister, and Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham are seen here at General Alexander's North African headquarters. Air Marshal Coningham, himself a New Zealander, took over his duties as A.O.C. Ground Support in Tunisia some months ago

defeat it would mean that the enemies of this Nazi general had superseded Hitler as Supreme Commander. Now we know that Hitler went out of his way to save his favourite general. After the fall of Gabes he insisted on Rommel returning to Germany to undergo further treatment for ill health in order that he could be ready for some future task. Rommel is not liked by his fellow generals because of his early adherence to the Nazi Party. Apart from Hitler saving Rommel from the consequences of a disastrous military defeat because he likes him, it can be argued that Hitler needs every friend he can muster at home at this time.

Mystery

THERE may be much more than meets the eye in the reported expulsion of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht from the Nazi Party. The

Nazis don't usually expel people, particularly those high up in the gang. They have other and more thorough ways of getting rid of those for whom they have no further use. In my opinion there is something sinister in this report. Dr. Schacht is the famous banker. As head of the Reichsbank he was very active, before hostilities were started by Hitler, in travelling round Europe and to the United States for the purpose of fooling everybody. His mission was to tell bankers that Hitler did not want war. He was a man of peace. Neither did Dr. Schacht want war. He wanted power, and I for one do not believe that he has given up his ambition. Nor would the Nazis allow him to do so. Whatever may be his attitude to the Nazi Party he is very useful to them. At this time I suggest he might be more useful than ever before in trying to produce for Hitler a favourable peace. Expelled from the Nazi Party he may have been formally, but not finally. I suggest that it is more likely that he has been given a much more important and more difficult job in Hitler's peace offensive strategy.

Vigilance

VIGILANCE will be necessary if the United Nations are not to be trapped by false cries for peace from Germany. The Germans may have two hundred divisions, but their past history shows that when victory is lost their greatest aim is to avoid final defeat. This is not necessarily just Hitler's policy. It is the policy of those who dismissed the Kaiser at the end of the last war, and from that moment planned revenge on those who nearly defeated them. That Hitler has started to pull strings wherever he can is evident from the speech made by General Franco. He put up a good Nazi argument to the effect that neither side could win this war. He cleverly dragged in the Vatican in support of his plea for peace. There may be some people in the Vatican who ardently want peace, but there are others who realise what General Franco obviously wishes to avoid, and that is the punishment of those who have brought so much suffering on mankind. Hitler won't get very far with Franco's help. It can now be stated that when Spain's Foreign Minister, General Jordana, offered his country as



A Triple Award

W./Cdr. T. G. Mahaddie, from Edinburgh, took his son with him when he received the D.S.O., D.F.C. and A.F.C. for his splendid work as an R.A.F. "pathfinder"

mediator some time ago, he tried unsuccessfully to get the support of Portugal, Switzerland and Sweden for his plan. Not one of these countries consented to be associated with his plea.

Traveller

CAPTAIN HAROLD BALFOUR has returned to his desk at the Air Ministry after flying twenty-two thousand miles on a tour of inspection of Royal Air Force stations and training establishments in the Middle East, South Africa, Rhodesia and Nigeria. He has come back impressed with the strength of British influence and the organisation in the Colonies. He tells the story of how in Gold Coast territory law and order is kept by a small unarmed police force, fewer in number than the Service police on duty at one of our aerodromes there. In Nigeria he found the District Commissioner controlling a territory as big as Ireland with only twenty white men to help him and not even a single armed policeman among them. This shows, says Captain Balfour, how strong is the influence and the record for justice and fair dealing of Britain's colonial administration.

Bulldozer

IN one territory visited by Captain Balfour two natives were wanted for murder. They sought the protection of a local chief who put them in his hut and surrounded his village with thorn bushes. It would have been a simple matter to have detached an armed force to reinforce the law. But the authorities, not without a sense of humour, ordered out a bulldozer from an aerodrome nearby. This vehicle, which is used for flattening rough ground and transforming waste bases into aerodromes, was driven by a cockney called Charlie Nash. His instructions were to attack and destroy the thorn bushes round the native village. To add some realism to this operation the authorities asked for the services of a Spitfire to give air cover to the bulldozer. The Spitfire zoomed and curvetted at a low altitude above the bulldozer until, without any further demonstration of British force, the native chief asked for a truce and surrendered the two natives to justice.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Theatre And Film

By James Agate

THE jubilation over the re-opening of the old Bristol Theatre Royal and its "rescue" from the "clutches" of the cinema have prompted me to a few reflections on the old film-versus-stage controversy. A hundred years from now every text-book on the English theatre will be found to contain the phrase: "Then came the cinema!" And later: "Then came the talkies!" When the cinema was silent, the theatre still managed more or less to hold its own despite the greater cheapness and comfort of the picture-palaces, and in spite, too, of daylight saving and the motor car and the fact that people had taken to living further from town. The flesh-and-blood actor, people said confidently, could never be replaced. In those days there was no film-criticism, and I can remember quite clearly the shock of surprise which was occasioned when *The Times* first began to give the cinema its august consideration.

OUR more gossipy newspapers were not slow to perceive that the fan-mail of film-stars exceeding 10,000 letters daily, or whatever the figure is, paragraphs about these ladies would have a certain attraction. Nobody can grumble about this, and nobody did. News from the point of view of a newspaper is not only something that happens, but something that happens about which people also want to read. Whence it follows that something which has not happened at all may be better news than something which has! The fact that a new colour has been added to the spectrum would not, I think, occupy more than one-eighth of a column in any popular paper. The fact that Opal Dawn's hair had turned

salmon-pink could not, I think, be dealt with under two columns, with a page of photographs.

So long as the pictures were silent, proportion was decently observed as between the two arts of the theatre and the cinema. That is to say that equal space was given to the dramatic critic as to the film critic. This was really very noble of the newspapers since there could be no comparison between the relative value of theatre and cinema advertising. For example, a portrait of Gloria Gloy and Eddie Stickfast, in that eyeball-searing blast-furnace entitled *Passionate Virgins* will, by itself, take up more room than the advertisements of all the theatres put together. In the silent days it was presumed that, although for every person who visited a theatre twenty were visiting cinemas, the interest in theatre and cinema on the part of newspaper-readers was still fairly divided. But with the arrival of the talkies the space formerly given to the theatre was now given to the films. I remember a popular editor saying to me: "I am sorry for the theatre. But don't you realise, James, that the proper time to hit a man is when he's down?"

AND I remember an article by Sir Arthur Pinero written at the end of his life, in which occurred this passage: "What is important is the fact that the 'pictures,' for the moment at any rate, have captured the masses who formerly were the faithful supporters of the regular theatre, and who are now content with the thrills and humour furnished by mechanical process."

This statement in one form or another is always cropping up, and it is the business of both film and dramatic critics to see that the form in which it crops up is the correct form. Many people, like Pinero, hold it to mean that in the old days the masses went nightly and *en bloc* to the theatre until the arrival of the pictures to which they immediately, nightly and *en bloc*, transferred their allegiance. This is an error, and an error which can be proved. The average seating capacity of London's forty theatres is round about twelve hundred. Given full houses for eight performances a week, the total number of London playgoers which can be accommodated in a year is under twenty millions. Let me put the maximum annual seating accommodation in legitimate theatres in Great Britain, including London, somewhere between fifty and a hundred millions. Now, according to the figures published in 1921 by the Parliamentary Commission on the Cinema, the number of people who visited the cinema in 1920 was 1,078 millions! This number to-day is, of course enormously increased, probably doubled, whence it follows that the great bulk of cinema-goers cannot have been playgoers for the simple reason that there have never been theatres to hold them. In other words the cinema has discovered an immense public which has never had anything whatever to do with the theatre, and presumably would have continued to ignore it. For there is not the slightest reason to suppose that a public which has been quite content to do without the flesh-and-blood actor for nineteen hundred years of the Christian era and several hundred years before is suddenly going to take to him.

IT is an unwritten law of the cinema that clowns for whom we have conceived an affection shall be immune from tragedy. Tribulations may be accorded them provided they are followed by a happy ending. This rule is handsomely broken in *The Bells Go Down* (Astoria) which I saw, somewhat belatedly, the other evening. In my view this is an excellent film, full of hair-raising fire-sequences and with the pathos most adroitly and discreetly managed. Tommy Trinder gives a performance of great charm and much



"We Dive at Dawn": The Story of a British Submarine's Mission to Sink a German Battleship

This stirring British picture, made with Admiralty co-operation, has its premiere at the Leicester Square Theatre tomorrow, May 20. Left, Lieut. Gordon (Jack Watling) watches Leading-Seaman Hobson (Eric Portman) draw his rum ration. Right, the Commander (John Mills) manoeuvres his submarine within range of the Nazi battleship in the Baltic. With him is Lieut. Brace (Robert Bradfield)



"The Edge of Darkness"

Another American Film of Norwegian Patriots Battling with British Help Against the Invader



The Troubles of a Nazi

A snub for the Commander of the Nazi garrison (Helmut Dantine). His plan for a Greater Germany is rejected. He works off his annoyance on his foolish mistress (Nancy Coleman), and finally shoots her and himself when the townspeople, armed by the British, openly rebel. Ann Sheridan, Errol Flynn and Walter Huston play the leading parts in a picture full of familiar yet dramatic ingredients—brutal Nazis, repenting traitor, gallant patriots. "The Edge of Darkness" is at the Warner Theatre



British Agent to the Rescue

Major Ruck (Henry Brandon), visiting Gestapo official, holds up Karen (Ann Sheridan) and the hoteliere (Judith Anderson). But all is well. He is a British agent, with the key to the code for smuggling in arms by submarine from England. In the fight between Nazis and patriots few survive. The women and children escape by boat. The rest join the guerrillas in the hills to wait for freedom

humour. He possesses what Rudyard Kipling called "the common touch" to perfection. He is the nearest thing our stage can show to the typical Cockney, and his fireman in the present picture might well be the younger brother of Sam Weller himself.

PEOPLE who arrive late at a film do so at their peril. I was a few minutes overdue for *Three Hearts For Julia* (Empire) which possibly accounted for my belief that I had stumbled upon a highly amusing female loony-bin. Presently, however, it appeared that the asylum was merely Julia's private apartments and the lunatics just Julia's friends. These fantastic creatures, it appears, were members of a ladies' orchestra in which Julia was the leader. An odd orchestra, indeed, in which the Czech conductor rehearsed, of all pieces, the Overture to the *Flying Dutchman* and Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Scheherezade!* Two pieces which seem to go strangely with spangles and neck-ribbons. Now Julia was having trouble with her husband and two lovers, whereby the Czech conductor suddenly stopped the orchestra and said to the leader: "Dear lady, you are two bars behind in the arpeggios!" And perhaps I can't be bothered to remember any more. If you like Ann Sothern, Melvyn Douglas and ladies' orchestras you will like this film.

I APOLOGISE for a trick of the brain which led me into a statement, made in this page recently, that I remembered Miss Lilli Palmer as the shop assistant in *Congress Dances*. I realise that Miss Palmer is too young to have appeared at the date of that film, and I hereby voice my regret for a statement which was manifestly total error.



Condemned to Die, They Dig Their Own Grave

Karen (Ann Sheridan) and Gunnar (Errol Flynn) console her father (Walter Huston). He has killed the German soldier who assaulted her. This is the Nazi's chance to arrest the leaders of the patriots. A grim struggle ensues

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnall

This Happy Breed (Haymarket)

FROM Cloud-cuckoo-land to Clapham Common is a change of scene indeed; and the contrast between Mr. Noel Coward's two plays now running consecutively at the Haymarket is extreme. The happy hedonists of *Present Laughter* have as little in common with the humdrum realists of *This Happy Breed* as that half of the world has with the other of whose way of living it is proverbially ignorant. Mr. Coward may therefore be congratulated on not repeating himself. Each play sets off the other; though which has the advantage of the contrast is a question of prejudice, rather than dispassionate criticism, is likely to decide. My own preference is strongly for *Present Laughter*.

There would seem to be something about the London suburbs that sets otherwise care-free writers brooding on the natives who live, move and have their being there, all unconscious of their gloom. There resides the Little

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Wordy warfare in Clapham Common.
Tearful spinster (Joyce Carey), quarrelsome mother-in-law (Gwen Floyd) and a peace-maker (Molly Johnson)

accentuated; but they themselves seem to lack that air of spontaneous existence enjoyed by characters that are created rather than merely observed.

Though this episodic journey down the years is a serious one, cheerfulness fortunately keeps breaking in. And since it is made in Mr. Coward's agreeable company, and in that of the colleagues who so delightfully abet him in *Present Laughter*, we have the additional interest of comparing their performances in this play with their performances in that, and of noting how well or otherwise their wigs, whiskers, and other local colour become them.



The sailor (James Donald) with his runaway girl (Jennifer Gray), a manicurist who wants to see life, and her brother (Billy Thatcher)

Man, who differs from the little men of other parts only in the whimsical fame cartoonists have thrust upon him. There flourish those tribal rites distinguished only by literary ethnologists from the manners and customs of more central society. There, too, the aspidistra assumes a totem status, and that rarefied cockney may be heard which is spoken with such conscientious care by actors and actresses.

In re-exploring these suburban wilds, Mr. Coward does not stray far from the beaten track. Though his Clapham Commoners—whose routine fortunes we follow through twenty inter-war years (1919-1939)—are presented in their native habitat with considerable virtuosity, they do not altogether escape the fate of stuffed animals. That is to say they remain somewhat static in interest; and we know them little more intimately at the end of the journey than at the beginning. True, they change in aspect. Their wigs are scrupulously graded in style and tint to mark the passing years, and certain mannerisms are

Perhaps it is the contrast between their former and present make-up and manners that gives them an air of masquerade, and their suburban metamorphosis its hint of (dare I suggest it?) amateur theatricals.

Happiness has been variously defined, and one man's meat (particularly in these rationed days) is another man's poison. Yet I fancy that the title of this play is not ironical. Mr. Coward's approach to his suburbans is fond, if perhaps unconsciously a little patronising. It seems to have a touch of the collector's attitude to specimens. They strike one as types rather than as individual plums in a slice of life. Can it be that they were conceived and articulated for the edification of that ignorant half of the world, or are they the figments of an imagination that seeks change from the brittle brightness of Cloud-cuckoo-land? Who shall say, except Mr. Coward, their only begetter, or who vindicate the happiness of their pedigree?

The episodic character of the play has a *Cavalcade* parallel, and a connecting link is provided by the single scene, the dining-room of the house into which the family is moving when the curtain first rises, and from which they are about to remove when it finally falls. But the intervening years passed in their company leave them older rather than closer acquaintances.

We note that Mr. Coward has a durable line in boots; that Miss Judy Campbell's assumed reserve and rheumatism increase with the years; that Miss Joyce Carey extends her becoming repertory of wigs; that Mr. Billy Thatcher is as clever in suburban mufti as in bohemian livery, and that Mr. James Donald retains, as a gallant seaman, the husky croak that all but articulated his star-struck intruder in the other play.

Mr. Coward's performance is a tour de force that alternates between realistic mimicry and theatrical finesse. These elements combine and culminate in the peroration on life and the happiness of the breed which he addresses to his grandson, invisible and dumb in a remarkably good pram. The play is very well acted by the whole company, among whose variously clever impersonations that of Miss Gwen Floyd, as the oldest but not the happiest of the breed, comes uncannily close to life.



Mr. Gibbons, of Sycamore Road, Clapham Common (Noel Coward), introduces his pal Bob (Gerald Case) to his hard-working wife (Judy Campbell)

Kensington Couple

Michael Wilding and
Kay Young



Michael and Kay at the Back Door



Close-up of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding

Michael Wilding, now playing the lead in *Men in Shadow* at the Vaudeville Theatre, and his actress wife, Kay Young, have a delightful house in Kensington, where their off-duty hours are spent in gardening and—for Kay—cooking, at which she is an expert. A former shining light of the Gate Revues, she has a charming soprano voice, and when these pictures were taken, was just off to entertain troops in North Africa and Gibraltar



Practice for Kay with Michael at the Piano



Michael Makes Up for His Latest Role

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

First Ascot of the War

WIOTHOUT the Royal Enclosure and the Royal drive in Ascot state, without the grey toppers and gay dresses of peacetime, Ascot 1943—the first Ascot of the war—was a vastly different affair from the garden-party meetings we used to know. But perhaps, because of its memories and the nostalgic associations of the Royal course, there still seemed, even at such an austerity meeting, a different atmosphere from the ordinary run of wartime racing.

Lord Granard, the King's Comptroller at Ascot, and Colonel Sir Arthur Erskine, the former Crown Equerry, who keeps a fatherly eye on the course from his residence at Royal Enclosure Lodge, put in a lot of hard work in advance to ensure that, though peacetime pomp and pageantry might be absent, yet racegoers should have as much comfort as possible and see the races in the most effective way. No one, remembering former Ascot meetings, could help but notice the absence of the tall, soldierly figure of Colonel Gordon Carter, the veteran Clerk of the Course, who for so many years took such a big part in the organisation of the Royal races. For the war period, His Majesty has made no official appointment of a successor to Colonel Carter, but since his death the necessary day-to-day business has been carried on under the supervision of Sir Arthur Erskine, who, in his days as Crown Equerry, was responsible for all the arrangements of the Coronation procession, the funeral procession of King George V., and many other important State drives.

Ever since Queen Anne started the races on the heath in 1711, Ascot, as the only really "Royal" meeting, has enjoyed special patronage from succeeding sovereigns, and the King has taken the keenest personal interest in the preparations for this first wartime programme. Incidentally, the last time he visited the course himself was to see training of a very different kind being carried out; it was when certain Army units were stationed on the course, with the grand stand as their headquarters.

(More about the Ascot Meeting, and of the spectators there, will be published in our issue next week.)

"Wings Club" in London

EVER since her arrival in London, Mrs. James Corrigan has been busy in the planning

and organising of a club for R.A.F. officers in town. With the co-operation of the Welfare Department of the Air Ministry, her plans have been successful, and a "Wings Club" is shortly to be opened at 11, Grosvenor Place—a house which belongs to Lord Moyne, but has not been occupied since the death of his wife. Actually, Lord Moyne's home used to consist of the two adjoining houses, Nos. 10 and 11, but the communicating doors between the two houses have now been walled up, and while No. 11 is given over to the club, No. 10 will still be available for Lord Moyne and his attractive, auburn-haired daughter, the Hon. Grania Guinness, who is now in the W.A.A.F.

Mrs. Corrigan has undertaken to finance the running of the club, and besides providing the necessary capital, is making herself responsible for the payment of certain monthly sums of money towards its expenses. A small committee, consisting of G/Capt. Harold Peake, Mr. Henry Channon, M.P., the Marchioness of Willingdon and the Duchess of Marlborough, will be assisting Mrs. Corrigan.

Greek House Reception

THE reception at Greek House (former home of the Hon. Clive and Mrs. Pearson) by the Anglo-Hellenic League gave its members an opportunity of being presented to the Duchess of Kent, who has succeeded the late Duke as President of the League. The Duchess, who looked as wonderfully elegant as usual in plain black, with a long silver fox stole round her shoulders, shook hands with all the members. Lady Herbert was in attendance, and standing by, wearing her St. John uniform, was Lady Loraine, whose husband is chairman of the executive committee of the League. Sir Percy Loraine was there; so were Sir Malcolm and Lady Robertson, Lady Crosfield, the Greek Ambassador, Lady Abingdon, Marie Lady Leigh (who came in from her house next door), Lilias Lady Pennell (whose late husband was our Minister in Athens years ago), Lady Kemsley, Lady Hamond-Graeme (who, I noticed, took Princess Wolkonsky along to the Royal guest for a short, informal talk) and Sir Francis Humphreys.

Lady Woolton and the Kitchen Front

LADY WOOLTON made one of her all-too-rare appearances as a speaker when she took the chair at the "At Home" held by the



Red Cross Auctioneer

Lady Louis Mountbatten, Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, was auctioneer at Christie's, when some very rare and valuable stamp collections were sold in aid of the Red Cross

Women's Adjustment Board Committee. Her talk on "Transport and the Kitchen Front," which was the subject under discussion, showed that she has a keen sense of humour, as well as a good grasp of the complex difficulties with which her husband is faced—though she said she didn't know if she was supposed to know anything about the Ministry. The speakers who followed Lady Woolton were equally informative and entertaining. Miss Naomi Jacob, now appearing so successfully as the Nurse in John Gielgud's revival of *Love for Love* at the Phoenix, roused much laughter by her Seymour-Hicksian humour. She was wearing the uniform of the Women's Legion on this occasion. Mrs. Weaver talked of the culinary efforts of the W.R.N.S., and was followed by Mrs. A. I. M. Fraser, who had many interesting things to tell about the work being done by N.A.A.F.I. It remained to Lord Brabazon to represent the male view of "Transport After the War," and he gave a lot of interesting inside information about the possible future of the railways and of their difficulties, as well as predicting a great future for helicopters.

Here and There

A FAMILY party dining in one of the London restaurants during the last days of the holidays consisted of Viscount and Viscountess Castlerosse, with her young son and daughter,



Ian Smith

A Cathedral Christening

The baby daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Eric Cooper-Key was christened at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Edinburgh, and given the names of Julia Mary. Mrs. Cooper-Key is Sir Ronald Mathews's daughter



The Haywood Twins are Christened in Kent

Gareth Peter and Lucinda March, twin son and daughter of S/Ldr. Gordon Haywood and Lady Marguerite Haywood, were christened at Cobham, Kent. Lady Marguerite, Lord Darnley's elder daughter, married S/Ldr. Haywood in 1942 as her second husband



The reception after the christening was held at Cobham Hall, home of the Earl of Darnley, grandfather of the twins. Here he is with the Countess of Darnley and their son, Adam. Lady Darnley was Rosemary Potter before her marriage in 1910



Arundel Castle Rally

Lady Denman, Hon. Director of the Women's Land Army, and the Duchess of Norfolk (holding her daughter Mary) were present at a W.L.A. rally held at Arundel Castle, home of the Duke of Norfolk

Caryll and Patricia Cavendish. Lady Castlerosse, who, in peacetime, would be having a busy season with a debutante daughter, has taken Miss Cavendish, who will soon be eighteen, to a number of dances for young people held in aid of charity this spring; her son Caryll is still at Eton. Another dinner that night was Lady Scarsdale, with a party of friends. Lord and Lady Lovat, a young couple outstanding anywhere on account of their extreme good looks, were together. Lt.-Colonel Lord Lovat, the hero of several of our Commando raids, is now a much idealised figure amongst the younger generation, who are inspired by the stories of this good-looking young soldier's prowess in battle, and it is safe to assume that when this war is over, and the true stories of "Lovat and his Commandos" can be told in full, these men will take their place amongst the heroes of our country, their deeds rivalling some of the most heroic in our history. Dancing at the May Fair on one of her very few nights off duty was pretty Miss Isabel Deane, niece of Commander Dudley Coles, R.N., Secretary of the Privy Purse. Miss Deane is under-studying Angela Baddeley in *Love for Love*, and spends her spare time working in the police canteens at Trenchard House and Savile Row. Much of her interest in police work is inherited, for she is the daughter of Edmund Hodgkinson, that brilliant solicitor who wrote *Citizen and the*

Law, which aroused so much controversy. Her mother escaped from Singapore after the Japanese invasion, having to leave behind all her paintings of Malaya, which were just at that time being exhibited in a one-man show, and selling excellently.

Up From the Country

PENDING a day in town recently with their two very attractive little red-haired daughters were Mr. and Mrs. David Reid, who have just bought a farm, where Mr. Reid, who has been invalided out of the Army, is to put into effect the knowledge he gained at Wye Agricultural College on practical farming. The Reids have had a house in Wiltshire since their home in Kent was requisitioned, but now they are back on the borders of Kent, for their new farm practically adjoins the model farm owned by Mr. James Rank, where he breeds his herd of pedigree shorthorns. The two children were very excited at their visit to London, for they were being taken to the Zoo. Another couple who I hear are going in for farming seriously are Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bendix. Other visitors to London have included Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the Dean of Canterbury. Dr. Hewlett Johnson took the chair at the Anglo-Soviet Aid Fund's anniversary meeting, held at the May Fair Hotel, and was presented with his portrait, a striking likeness, painted by Mr. Herbert Holt, who is an exhibitor at this year's Academy. In acknowledging the gift, the Dean called once or twice for the assistance of Madame Maisky, who sat on his right hand, in the pronunciation of some very difficult Russian words.

Newmarket Racing

THE first May meeting at Newmarket provided some very interesting racing, and there was a large attendance on both days. Lord Rosebery came to see his game little mare, Ribbon, just get home by a short head from His Majesty's Open Warfare in one of the classic rehearsal races. The race finished in the Dip, and many people on the stands thought she had won more comfortably. Lady Rosebery was not there that day, but came down for the second day, and was rewarded by seeing Seasick win in Lord Rosebery's colours. She must also have been pleased to see one of Blue Peter's first stock, Chart Room, sail home for Lord Derby. His success as a stallion brings back memories of his splendid victory in the last Epsom Derby, and of the superb party which Lord and Lady Rosebery gave to celebrate it, to which the whole racing world was invited. Lady Durham was with her mother, Lady Bullough, and saw Cincture run. Two new young owners present were the Hon. Lelgarde Philipps, who ran her horse, Fleeting Hour, on the first day, and Mrs. Lavington, who was talking to Lord Willoughby de Broke, from whom she recently bought Fair Famé. Lady Mary Rose Fitzroy

(Concluded on page 216)



At the Leicester Galleries

Mr. John Rothenstein was talking to Capt. Lord Methuen and Lady Methuen at the private view of the Augustus John drawings. He has been Director and Keeper of the Tate Gallery since 1938



American Red Cross Dance for the Troops in the Midlands

Col. the Hon. Michael Bowes-Lyon, brother of the Queen, and Miss Wells were two of those who attended the ball, the first to have been organised in the locality by the American Red Cross

Jr/Cdr. Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, A.T.S. (Barbara Cartland, the novelist), was there with Gen. R. C. A. Glunie and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Bowes-Lyon, County Vice-President of the British Red Cross

Swaebe

The Duke of Norfolk's Sister Married

Major J. E. B. Freeman, elder son of the late Sir Philip Freeman and Mrs. Heath of Aldbourne, Wilts., and Lady Winifreda FitzAlan Howard, youngest daughter of the late Duke of Norfolk and the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, were married in the private chapel at Arundel Castle

A Tract for To-morrow

J. B. Priestley, in "They Came to a City," Preaches a Communal Sermon of Good Companionship for a Brave New World

• *They Came to a City* is the Priestley plan for the new order. From a battlement worthy of Hamlet's ghost the characters meet, talk, view and visit the Happy City. Some are content with its carefree life and happy children. Others—the snobs, drones and money-grabbers—go back fearfully to the old life; while the lovers, the mechanic and the barmaid, only do so to spread the glad tidings

A Rolling Stone's Version of Utopia

Joe: "Wherever you go, now—up and down across the Seven Seas—from Poplar to Chungking—you can see this desire and vision and hope, bigger and stronger than ever, beginning to light up men's faces, giving a lift to their voices." *The lovers, ex-seaman Joe (John Clements) and ex-waitress Alice (Googie Withers), renounce the City of their dreams in order to preach its gospel to the world*



Sir George: "Some of the fellas at the club seem to be making a very nice thing out of West Coast Manganese."

Cudicorth: "Don't touch 'em."

The Golfing Baronet (A. E. Matthews) and the smart financier (*Norman Shelley*) prefer the old Earth to the new Heaven



Alice: "Oh, Christians, awake! Look there!"
The characters—but not the audience—get their first view of the City where everyone is communally happy, and there is no room for those hovering with Matthew Arnold "between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born"



Philippa : "Listen ! I can hear somebody again "

The snobbish Lady Loxfield (Mabel Terry Lewis) is one of the old brigade. Her daughter (Frances Rose) is tired of the old idleness. She breaks away to the City, where class-consciousness doesn't exist



Joe : "Good old Ma, let her sleep"

The only person who doesn't worry where she is and how she got there is the tired old charwoman, beautifully played by Ada Reeve. The City is just her cup of tea. John Clements and Googie Withers give sincere and eloquent performances and the whole play is perfectly cast and acted. It is presented by Tennent Plays, Ltd., in association with C.E.M.A. and The People's Entertainment Society Ltd. Irene Hentschel has admirably mastered the difficulties of production



Joe : "Oh, you may see me again." Malcolm : "It would be all right if I did. But I don't think that's likely"
Joe : "You never know. I might remind you then of what you've seen and heard to-day. Don't go cold and dead on it. Keep it warm and alive inside, pal. All the best."

The unselfish bank clerk (Raymond Huntley) and his jealous, possessive, discontented wife (Renee Gadd) say good-bye to Joe and the City. He wants to stay, she prefers a better house in Suburbia

Photographs by John Vickers

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis.

LAST time we viewed the traditional ceremonial at the Tower of London, where yet another Constable was installed the other day, a clergyman and a Guardee fainted, though Heaven knows there was nothing objectionable in the proceedings.

Maybe they were archaeological purists and fainted at the sight of those ruffs the Yeomen wear, inaccurately, with their Henry VII dress? Or maybe the drums and fifes of the band recalled the features and voice of some loved one? Or maybe they had just recalled—inevitably—the dreadful affair of Colonel Blood and his three buddies, whose attempt to swipe the Crown Jewels in Charles II's reign, the first recorded Big Business merger at that end of Town, cannot but arouse loathing and horror in every British heart? Or, finally, was it that *l'affaire* Blood was okay with them in principle but they were so choosy in matters of art that merely to think of the Crown Jewels made them feel faint? We don't know and we doubt if you greatly care. Our own view about Colonel Blood is that either that jolly Falstaffian soldier of fortune was a childlike optimist if he hoped to get away with it; or else he had very good reason for taking a chance. We don't know who first suggested that Charles II himself, being more than usually hard up, was backing the coup. It's certainly an odd fact that the Colonel, having handed back the battered Crown of England from his bag on being captured (the Orb and Sceptre fell to his chums) and been thrust into a dungeon, demanded an interview with the King and swaggered free, after a week's imprisonment, with a £500-a-year job.

Luck

NERVE, a ready gift of invention (he told Charles a wonderful regicide-plot story) and a reckless humour ("Sir, I had thought the Crown itself to be worth £100,000, yet it seems the whole Regalia is only valued at a beggarly £6,000!") got Colonel Blood off, for Charles II loved an artist. Our little City readers will note that some years later, when the Duke of

Buckingham was awarded £10,000 damages against him for libel, the Colonel died of a fever two weeks afterwards and never paid. Fenchurch Street Luck, as old "Fishy" Flathers used to say.

Hat

BIGAMY and cricket being the two major relaxations of the Island Race, the recent case of the Army officer who had two wives and was proposing to marry six more excited us less than it did some of the Fleet Street boys, as naïve and impressionable a set of sweethearts as ever wore bibs.

What interests us is (a) the development of bigamy in the Nordic world from a pastime exclusive to the rich—dating from Luther's celebrated permission to the Landgrave of Hesse to have two wives—to a democratic sport which all may enjoy, and



"I'm afraid you'll have to go. You're a square toad in a round hole"

(b) the fact that 99·9 per cent. of male bigamists are undersized citizens of no great beauty, in bowler hats. This vile species of hat undoubtedly has some connection with bigamy, as with company-promoting and other crime. In a scientific treatise to be entitled *The Bowler Hat, its Origins, Nature, Habitat, Customs, Influences, Prevention, and Cure*, on which we have been engaged for many years, we point out, with illustrations, that the god Mercury, patron of financiers, thieves, ponce, and politicians, invariably wears a bowler hat when portrayed in Classical Art: a low, flattish type of bowler, of the kind worn by cads in the late 1900's, with little wings. This is significant.

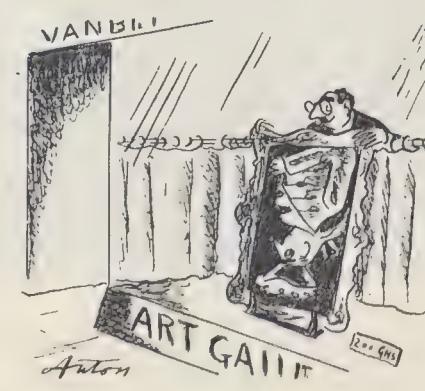
Footnote

ANOTHER significant illustration we have is that well-known photograph of Mussolini being manhandled by the Milan cops when he was a Socialist agitator forty years ago. He then habitually wore a bowler of vexing shape, and it is our theory that that hat is responsible (with a few lesser factors, including maybe the hurt vanity of one or two British politicians) for Italy's desperate plight at this moment.

Dream

THIS year's Academy of Art, as it is called, is so camera-minded that it may be the boys and girls will soon give up all that tiresome drawing and send in nicely-coloured photographs instead.

Some time ago we dreamed that the Academy was closing down altogether, and that our spines



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Present Laughter

Four by Fenwick



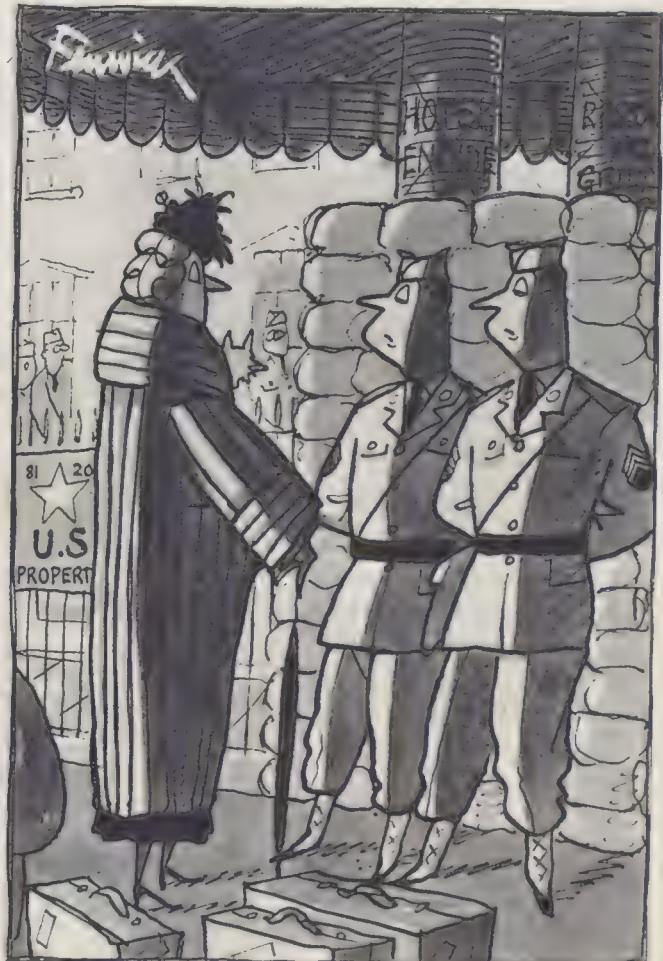
"I've never discovered what that one's for—and anyhow it gives you a shock every time you touch it!"



"I am not tarting myself up, as you put it, for my Fanny driver"



"Always said young Montgomery ought to go a long way"



"Fiddlesticks! I've stayed here every year for 25 years"

Standing By ...

(Continued)

in 'art circles reported the following statements :

An Academy Official : No special reason. We're just sick of Art.

An A.R.A. : The Academy would be all right if it wasn't for the pictures.

A Model : I think Art is terrible—always said so and always will.

Then in our dream we saw a lot of half-varnished pictures being shot out into the alley and a lot of hairy chaps in flowing ties and dishevelled girls in djibbahs being shot out after them, and then the great doors of Burlington House clanged to for the last time with a sinister, but on the whole satisfying, reverberation. Then the smart Private View mob rushed up and hammered furiously on the doors and chattered, and the President and Hanging Committee dispersed them with machine-guns from the first floor windows, raising their top hats each time they scored a bull and politely refraining from firing on any friend of Lady Oxford's. Then the walking-cases among survivors reeled out into Piccadilly, where the big dumb apathetic pans of the populace registered no kind of interest whatsoever, and then we woke up, oddly refreshed.

Contretemps

ONCE again a theatre fan has been pestering a dramatic critic (as if critics knew) to know which is Shakespeare's most dramatic single line. When we were a critic we used to fob these nuisances off with a passage of our own, ending in a superb single-line, which we claimed to have got from a rare First Folio version of *The Merchant of Venice*, differing slightly from the official one. Thus :

The Rialto. Enter Antonio and Gratiano.

Ant : What news ?

Grat : Why, sir, your ships are

sunk, I fear,

Your house is well on fire, your Peke is dead,

Your girl-friend's flown the coop with Dirty Dick,

Your backer's cut his throat, your horse is lame,

Your safe, with all the jewels, has been swiped,

You're hammered on the Venice Stock Exchange,

Your butler has D.T.'s, the burns are in,

Your lawyers have foreclosed, your staff has mumps,

Two libel suits, one bankruptcy, are pending,

Your hat's all over mud—in short, to coin

A phrase, you're down the drain, old boy !

Ant : Well, well;

Well, well.

Imagine what Irving could have done with that last pregnant line, but make no comment, and do not shuffle those huge feet.

Entry

HOW the new Bishop of Seo de Urgel, co-ruler with the Prefect of Perpignan of the Republic of Andorra, made his formal entry into Andorra la Vieja the other day — would we had been there !

the papers didn't say. For about a thousand years his Lordship rode a mule. Today they probably dig up a Ford for him.

His Lordship's predecessor, who strikingly resembled a more ascetic P. G. Wodehouse, normally used the public motor-omnibus, in which we once travelled, in his company and that of a dozen peasants, from Seo de Urgel across the Cerdagne to Puycerda. And we wish we could convey the thrill it gives us merely to write the word "Urgel" — that unforgettable memory of the little dark arched Spanish city under the moon of the Sierra del Cadi, the intense savour of its timeless antiquity (the Moorish hordes might still be advancing up the Segre and the Carlist cavalry galloping through the gates) and the "touch of steel" in its inhabitants, of which a poet has spoken. The cookery of Seo de Urgel is execrable, its wine is red, fullblooded, hairy, and fit for giants to fight on. We thought Urgel and Andorra la Vieja alike were doomed and damned when the French recently made that bestial motor-road into Andorra and the local *peluquero* stuck a simpering Parisian wax-model with a marcel wave in his window ; seeing which omen we and our companion laid a dreadful curse upon him, causing his house to wither in a night. But the luck of both places still holds, apparently.

Event

WHAT the Austerity Ascot of 1943 means was summed up for us last week by an elderly racing chap in four words : "No damn silly hats."

He meant the women, we gathered, for he went on to tell us about a man-about-town who was defected in 1904 slinking through Bond Street in a soft or Homburg hat three days before Ascot Week ended, and was very properly handed a revolver by his friends, locked in a room, and told to behave like an English gentleman. The funeral was private. Those were the days when Bond Street was full of flowers and



"Let in the price of a double whisky,
then send out for it"

sunshine and shining lissom ethereal beings, and swept by delicious zephyrs from a thousand perfumers', mingled with the incense of Oriental gold-tipped cigarettes ; but even then racing-chaps took a dim view of

women for letting the big modistes build them such ridiculous hats. The famous Ascot cloudburst of the 1920's showed that Dame Nature herself had had a basinful, this chap said.

Orgy

OUR feeling is that maybe the leading modistes of Mayfair looked forward to creating Ascot hats as the big laugh of the year. Fifinette would cry across the street huskily to Chez Zouzou, "Hoy, Abie, lookit, my new chapeau by me I got it good, ach du lieber Gott, I ask you, Abie, earholes !" and Chez Zouzou would hitch up his baggy striped pants and wave his hands and dance on the pavement, crying, "Ach, Heinie, I should worry, by me my model is something astronomic yet, what it is so schön so a leetle dawg is chewing it right now, only fifty smackers, herein is good business by me so what ?" Then Ciboulette looks out from a few doors down, grinning all over his big bristly face, and Kiki over the way laughs till his braces split.



"Who's been cooling his heels the longest?"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



The Minister of Fuel and Power

Bertram Park

Major the Rt. Hon. Gwilym Lloyd George, P.C., M.P., took up his duties as Minister of Fuel in 1942, on leaving the Ministry of Food, where he was previously Parliamentary Secretary. Major Lloyd George first entered the House of Commons in 1922, when he became the Member for Pembrokeshire for two years, being re-elected for the same constituency in 1929, and again in 1931. Like his famous father—who was Prime Minister during the last war—Major Lloyd George's first important political post was at the Board of Trade, as Parliamentary Secretary. Mr. David Lloyd George was President of the Board of Trade from 1905 to 1908. Another member of this distinguished political family is Miss Megan Lloyd George, sister of the Minister of Fuel, who has represented Anglesey in the House of Commons for fourteen years.



As a Berlin Governess, 1902



As a M.T.C. Driver, 1940

One Woman—One Man—Three Wars

Deborah Kerr and Roger Livesey as They Appear During the Forty Years Covered by "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp"

Photographs by Fred Daniel



Deborah Kerr as a Red Cross Nurse in the Great War Years, 1914-1918

"THE LIFE AND DEATH OF COLONEL BLIMP," the latest work of Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, will be presented in London in the near future. The film is dedicated to the fighting spirit of the new army of World War II, its message being the essential necessity of progress. It traces the career of a professional soldier, Clive Candy (Roger Livesey), from impetuous, gallant youth—he is awarded the V.C. in the Boer War—through middle age and added military honours in World War I, to the present day, when he finds himself unwanted, his out-of-date methods scorned by the new army of Britain. Candy is a warning to all of Blimp mentality. His good qualities are undoubtedly; his mistake is his scorn of progress. Throughout the film, his unchanging outlook is typified even in the women he loves. The three women in the three stages of his career are each played by Deborah Kerr. This talented young British actress shows increasing promise in her work, whether it is on stage or screen. Her performance in Bernard Shaw's *Heartbreak House*, now at the Cambridge Theatre, proves her a worthy member of a cast of outstanding brilliance



Roger Livesey as Captain "Sugar" Candy in the Days of World War I



As a Subaltern in the Boer War



As Col. Candy—or is it Colonel Blimp?



F/Lt. Edward McCormack, D.F.C., the Squadron's bombing leader, from Estevan, Saskatchewan, has been on over thirty operations, including the raid on Cologne when 1000 aircraft took part. He joined the Squadron in February 1942, and has been with it longer than any other officer



F/O. William McNicol, twenty-two years old, from Vancouver, was a pre-war motor engineer. He has been on operations including Berlin, Hamburg and Essen, and is a member of the Gold Fish Club, having spent twenty-two hours in a dinghy after being hit by flak over the Frisian Islands. He and his six companions were all safely landed



F/O. "Pat" Porter, from Manson Creek, B.A., was reported missing on operations last March. Before the war his activities included those of a gold prospector, P.T. instructor in the Army, a member of the "Rangers" mounted police force in Canada, as well as lumberjack and boxer

Men of the "Moose" Squadron

By F/Lt. Ley Kenyon, D.F.C.

The artist whose drawings are reproduced on this page is himself gunnery leader in the 419 R.C.A.F. Squadron, one of the most famous Canadian night-bomber squadrons over here, and has been on many of their operations. The Squadron took its name of "Moose" from its first C.O., W/Cdr. "Moose" Fulton, reported missing last year



W/Cdr. "Moose" Fulton, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., from Kamloops, B.C., first Commander of the Squadron, was reported missing, presumed killed, last July, while returning from a raid on Hamburg. Extremely popular and an inspiration to his personnel, his exceptional charm and courage were responsible for bringing the Squadron into the limelight. W/Cdr. Fulton was absolutely fearless, and led his Squadron in some fifty-five operations over very difficult targets

Left:

W/Cdr. Fleming, M.M., D.F.C., present C.O. and very fine leader of the "Moose" Squadron, has been on more than forty operations, including raids on Berlin, Kiel, Milan and Turin. In the regular Air Force for two and a half years before the war, he was a member of Bomber Command Navigational Staff during 1941 and 1942. W/Cdr. Fleming is from Ottawa



S/Ldr. Kenney was instructing for two years before flying the Atlantic to join the Squadron, of which he is an extremely popular member. A commercial pilot and flying-club instructor before the war, he has flown over 2400 hours as a pilot, and has over twenty-three operations to his credit. He comes from Ontario



S/Ldr. D. W. S. Clark, from Auckland, N.Z., a "daredevil" member of the "Moose" Squadron, spent thirteen years in England before going to New Zealand to learn farming. Since joining the R.A.F., he has been on some twenty operations, including Berlin twice, Turin, Essen, Hamburg, Genoa, Munich

Pictures in the Fine

By "Sabretache"

The Battle of the Two Stools

WHIPPED and yelping! Likewise hating the noises in the head—der Katzenjammer—the inevitable corollary to a hangover! In spite of the little guttersnipe stuff enjoining "cold hatred" of England, plus the trumpery ebullition about Britain, America and the Jews in them same, having "sold Europe to the Bolsheviks," had von Arnim and his fellow General, Römmel, been men enough to say: "We have taken a good hiding from better Generals commanding better troops," they might have earned some small measure of respect; as it is . . . ! These German generals fought a pretty good delaying action—even full, as it has been, of grievous mistakes—particularly von Arnim's elementary one of the Two Stools. Would it not have been better and more seemly to have left it at that, and omitted the squeals of the whipped cur? "The Bullfrog of the Pontine Marshes" has done no better! He has told his countrymen that they are going back to their African Empire! How? A question of academic interest for the German General Staff: "If enemy superiority was admitted, why adopt the eccentric defence?" Surely dead contrary to the fundamentals?

Forum Mercatum

THAT is the ancient name of the little town to which all eyes of the racing world, both near and far, whether in England, or sore with the dust and the strain of war in North Africa, were directed on May 18th, the date of the Two Thousand, the first race of any importance in this fourth war season. Newmarket is the acknowledged hub of the racing world, as we know it to-day, but its claim to be the first place on the historic Heath, at which racing took place, is not quite so good, for when the officers of Queen Boadicea's cavalry held their regimental meetings, the venue was Ixning (the present Exning) and Newmarket was then a little-known village. It is as certain as the historian can make it, that regular meetings were not held at Newmarket till the Stuarts arrived. The delvers into the past say that it is just possible that a match may have been run there between Richard II. (the greatest horse-coping King in our history) and the Earl of

Arundel, but no regular meetings until Charles II., who is the only King of England ever to have ridden a winner at Newmarket. He was probably a better horseman than even Charles I. James I., a great lover of Newmarket, racing, and hunting, is handed down to us as a very inferior performer, and it must have been very fortunate for him that when he crossed the Belvoir Vale in the wake of some harriers he collected at Newark, when on his way south to be crowned King of England, that region was not as strongly enclosed as it was when two (then) future Kings of England rode over it under similar conditions in 1926. The two members of our Royal House to whom reference is made are H.R.H. the present Duke of Windsor and His Majesty King George VI. H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester was also out on that historic occasion, the great Belvoir hunt of January 9th, 1926. It was a great gallop.

Royal "Jockeys"

OF Richard II.'s racing exploits we have no absolutely reliable data: we know that "he loved well to have a horse of prye," and was not too particular as to how he got him! There are many people like that, even in these more genteel days—but the stories of his riding winners are a bit too flimsy to recommend acceptance. Of King Charles II.'s records, there is no doubt. They are quite definite! His Majesty rode his horse Woodcock on October 12th, 1671, in a match against Mr. Elliott, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, on Flatfoot, and was beaten, but on the 14th the King won The Plate, the Duke of Monmouth, Mr. Elliott, Mr. Thomas Thin (an ancestor of the Marquess of Bath) being amongst the other "jockeys" who were riding, and in 1674 His Majesty won the same race again. Sir Robert Carr made a note of it at the time, and wrote: "Yesterday His Majesty rode himself three heats and a course and won The Plate—all fower were hard and ne'er ridden, and I doe assure you the King woun by good horsemanship." And there are many other instances, most of which have been collected by that talented compiler of *Ye Olde New Markitt Calendar*, by Mr. J. B. Muir.

The Duke of Windsor, as we know, rode in many point-to-points, and won not a few, and



Calf-Branding Experts

Members of the Women's Land Army are now employed in milk-recording and many other jobs concerning milk production. Here is Lady de la Warr (left) assisting Miss Joan Taylor (a former solicitor's clerk) in branding calves

also rode under N.H. Rules, but never on the flat, so Charles II.'s record still stands unchallenged, and is likely to remain so, for his present Majesty (whom God Preserve) never has had any leanings towards race-riding, and is not now likely to develop them!

Other Things at Newmarket

IN those early days, when Charles II. established regular meetings at Newmarket, there were many things far quicker than any racehorse that ever ran there, and I should think that Louis XIV.'s famous spy, Louise Renée de Prenencourt de Querouaille, better known to us perhaps as the Duchess of Portsmouth, must have had as much speed as Sun Chariot, and have been very nearly as good a stayer. She retained her hold on Charles II. till he died, though the name of lovable Nell of Old Drury was the last upon his lips. "L'Intrigante," as Louise was called, was as cordially detested by the populace as Nell was loved, and there was plenty of reason, for there was no intrigue for the dishonour of England that was too shady for her—and all the time she was getting it both ways—from Louis and from Charles, and the King of England was so infatuated that he never tumbled to her treachery. If she had lived in these times what a "Lady Haw Haw" she would have made! However, history says

(Concluded on page 212)



American Football in London

The Crimson Tide team beat the Fighting Irish in a football match at the White City, played in aid of the British Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund. Above, Major-General W.S. Key shakes hands with the winning team



A Franco-American Ceremony

Gen. de Goutel, C.O. the Algerian Cavalry, presented the Crimson Burnous to Major-General W.B. Smith, American Chief of Staff to Allied Force H.Q., North Africa, on the latter's becoming an Hon. Ist. Class private in the 2nd Spahis



A U.S. General and His Staff

Sitting: Col. Stewart W. Towle, Brig.-Gen. Frank O'D. Hunter (Commanding General, U.S. Fighter Command), Col. James E. Briggs. Standing: Lt.-Col. Laurence K. Calahan, Lt.-Col. Julian C. Stanley, Col. William H. Hoover, Col. William H. Stovall, Capt. J. C. Rathbone



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Balloon Centre Somewhere in England

Front row: F/Lt. C. R. Pottinger, F/Lt. R. G. B. Browning, S/Ldr. D. H. Mortimore, W/Cdr. H. C. Covell, T.D., G/Capt. F. V. Drake, M.C., S/Ldr. G. M. Palmer, F/Lt. T. A. John, F/Lt. C. A. Hill, F/Lt. E. S. Venning. *Second row:* F/Lt. R. B. Crombie, F/Lt. A. A. Beeton, F/Lt. T. R. Key, F/Lt. J. Connor, F/Lt. H. A. Ham; F/Lt. C. P. Harvey. *Third row:* P/O. L. Harrison, F/O. W. H. Mahoney, F/O. T. Roxburgh, F/O. W. A. Taylor, F/O. G. R. C. Paff. *Back row:* Sister H. J. Daniels, A/S/O. M. I. Payton, A/S/O. S. M. Latham

*The Way to Get to Windsor: by "The Tout"*

Sir Hugo Gunliffe-Owen, owner of the 1928 Derby winner, Felstead, went to see his classic candidate, Cepheus, run at Windsor last month. Bud Flanagan, the radio star, enjoys a day's racing now and again at Windsor as much as anyone. "Gil" Bennett, who trains at Polegate, Sussex, has turned out hundreds of winners in his time, both on the flat and over the sticks. J. Crocker Bulteel, Clerk of the Course at Windsor, holds similar duties at other meetings, including Liverpool, Newbury and Hurst Park. His father, the late Mr. George Bulteel, owned one of all National performers, Manifesto. The Hon. Algy Howard, Lord Howard of Effingham's brother, is the Steward's secretary, and was formerly secretary of the Calcutta Turf Club. By his success on Scotch Mist at Windsor on April 26th, Gordon Richards passed Fred Archer's total of 2749 winning rides. The champion was recently made a Freeman of the City of London, surely a unique distinction for a jockey.

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

that neither the Duchess of Cleveland nor "La Belle Stuart," later Duchess of Richmond could live with Louise for pace, i.e. wickedness. The lady on our coins, whom we think of as Britannia, is really "La Belle Stuart," for she sat to Philip Rotier, the sculptor, who first presented her as a recumbent Diana, subsequently transmogrified into the lady with the trident. I still think that Nell beat them all for looks as much as she did by her heart of gold. Incidentally, one of the horses kept for racing purposes by the Merry Monarch was named Blew Capp. He was a colt, and was described as a "topping horse," even though he never won. We have a Bluecap racing to-day—a filly. May she prove to be as quick as "L'Intrigante," only of much better character.

My Goodness! Our Guineas

A SHORT time ago, if anyone had been so bold as to suggest that Nasrullah and Lady Sybil did not dominate their respective situations in the two first classics, someone would have been rude enough to tell him to go and have his bumps read. But since then what? A distinct doubt in the one case, something like a chilling certainty in the other, if it is indeed true that Michael Beary said after the one mile Chatteris Stakes at Newmarket on the 5th, that Lady Sybil "died on 'un" after five furlongs. I think I would take this good jockey's word. It was quite apparent, without his testimony, that she could not get a mile on that day. There was no sign or suggestion of her being amiss, and so, on the disclosed facts, bang go her chances of winning either the One Thousand on the 19th (to-day) or the Oaks on June 18th. Unless there is some explanation, of which we, the onlookers, are ignorant, it cannot be of any use going on with her, for the beautiful goddess, queen of all the two-year-old world, must have feet of clay. As to Nasrullah, trumpeted forth to the world as a super-colt, his behaviour before he won the Chatteris Stakes by a narrow margin was not exactly encouraging. Obviously, what he wanted on his back on that day was a strong, persevering man with hands and legs and a good knowledge of how to use a cutting whip. Riding short, as he does, the modern jockey is entirely deprived of the use of the things called the "aids," which include the use of the whole weight of the rider's body. This great "rudder" can only come into action in conjunction with a firm seat. The jockey since Sims and Tod Sloan has never been able to use it. A strong seat is the only true foundation for getting the right "helm" on. After the Chatteris Stakes, which I do not think Nasrullah won like a racehorse, someone said to me that he would not back him for the Derby with bad money! This may be a bit too severe, for it might only have been coltishness, or cheek, but, whichever it was, Nasrullah was not told with sufficient emphasis not to do it again. He may, therefore, continue to try it on.

So What Now?

STRAIGHT DEAL could have won that mile race at Windsor on April 26th by the length of the straight, as the exaggeration goes; anyway, he was never really extended. On the Dewhurst form I suggest that he is the same thing as Umiddad, which colt I have always rated as a better possibility than Nasrullah. He is much better behind the saddle, and I think, therefore, if I want a double for the Derby and Oaks, Straight Deal and Ribbón are the ones that look nicest. As I have maintained all along in these scribblings, I still believe that Straight Deal is the best each way bet in the big race. Ribbón, who won the seven furlongs Upwell Stakes at Newmarket on May 4th, giving His Majesty's Open Warfare 5 lb. and a short head beating, is one of the honest ones, and I expect she will beat her challenger again in the One Thousand, and I am pretty certain that the farther she goes the better she will like it, which is the same thing as saying that I fully believe that she will win the Oaks, and it might be the Leger also.

On Active Service



Harold Haines

Officers of a Field Regt. R.A.

Front row : Capt. A. W. Freer, Lt.-Q.M. F. Curtiss, Majors G. B. Green, H. T. England, the Commanding Officer, Majors A. Duncan, M. W. D. Williams, Capt. P. H. Little, G. F. Cory. Second row : Lts. J. Carter, B. S. Peckham, D. W. Plant, Capt. H. T. Price, R. S. Roberts, A. H. Hayes, T. F. J. Sibbald; J. L. Manning, Lts. P. A. Logan, V. M. G. Ralph, A. H. Matthews. Back row : Lt. R. F. Fargher, 2nd Lts. R. O. Evans, H. Williams, A. A. Stewart, Lt. P. H. E. W. Cochrane, 2nd Lt. J. Ball, Lt. J. M. Holland, 2nd Lts. A. Ballinger, N. H. Beckett, B. G. Levitt

Right—front row : Sub-Lt. Wilson, Lt. Hodgson, Lt.-Cdr. Hodgson, Surg.-Lt. Campbell, Capt. Bragg, Sub-Lt. Underwood. Second row : Lt.-Cdr. Bisgood, Pay-Cdr. Wallace, Cdr. A. B. Usher, Capt. J. P. Gornall, 1st/O. Luckham, Lt.-Cdr. Cottrell, Major Lord Tennyson. Third row : F/Lt. McLardie, Pay-Lt. Laidman, Pay-Lt. Kennedy, Pay-Lt.-Cdr. Heathcote, Lt.-Cdr. Ovey, Mr. Doust, W.R.N.S. Officers Bedford, Ruffle, Pridham, Spinney. Back row : Mr. House, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Kingston, Surg.-Lt. (D.) Widdowson, Lt. Alford, Lt. Allen, Lt. Nunneley, Mr. Maskell, M.B.E., Surg.-Lt. Robinson



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Balloon H.Q. Staff Somewhere in the United Kingdom

Front row : S/Ldr. R. J. S. Martin, W/Cdr. A. H. E. Dew, G/Capt. C. D. Pendlebury, M.C., T.D., W/Cdr. R. O. Skinner, S/Ldr. S. G. Bennett. Back row : F/Lts. W. F. R. Fisher, C. H. Denham, A. Walker, J. H. Hayes, L. A. Sayer, W. Dent



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Fleet Air Arm Station Somewhere in England



Royal Air Force Jubilee

This photograph was taken at a Station in the West of England, of personnel who were in the R.F.C. or R.N.A.S. when the R.A.F. was created twenty-five years ago. The officers are (l. to r.) F/Lt. J. G. Hay, F/Lt. H. M. Tudor, S/Ldr. R. E. Wilson, S/Ldr. S. Bosworth-Martin, W/Cdr. V. J. Casey, G/Capt. C. E. Barraclough, W/Cdr. J. Rodger, D.S.M., S/Ldr. G. D. Gardner, M.C., S/Ldr. J. A. P. Martin, F/Lt. L. Harrison

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Town with a Future

SPRING 1940 brought the small town of Narvik into heroic and tragic prominence. How much did the English newspaper-reader—unless he had been one of the happy few who for their holiday travels sought out Norway—know about Narvik before that? Even so, in the tourist days the place ranked as a gateway to the remoter beauties: one did not stop, as a rule, for more than a night at Narvik's cheerful, modern hotel.

Theodor Broch, in *The Mountains Wait* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), pictures for us the pre-war life of the town of which he was for ten years a citizen, and for six years mayor. He continued to hold this office, to fulfil its responsibilities and to face its perils, under German occupation and through the siege. His friendly, though unidealised, picture of Narvik at peace—of the everyday lives of its citizens, of the ups and downs in its civic affairs—makes one more sharply feel the outrageous impact of war. Also, he is able to make us see Narvik, because he remembers so clearly that day, in 1930, when he himself saw it for the first time. For the keen young lawyer from Oslo and his young wife themselves arrived, in the peaceful sense, as invaders. The couple, with their own futures to make, were attracted by the future of the young, growing town. Ostensibly on not more than a summer visit to Theodor's father, the colonel then in command of the garrison, they took stock of Narvik and its possibilities, with a view to Theodor's setting up practice there.

The decision was taken, and proved a happy one both for Theodor and the town that he served so well. The light of life's morning, of adventure and resolution, pervades the opening chapters of *The Mountains Wait*. The young Brochs brought with them from Oslo humour and perspicacity with regard to Narvik local affairs—though never, one may see, at any point, the bad kind of big-city superiority. Careerism was not their object: they made their own contributions to the life of the town. And if staid Narvik found them, at first, a little "advanced," the value of their contribution was rapidly recognised. That Theodor Broch became, after only four years, mayor is a proof of Narvik's progressiveness.

H.E. the Prime Minister of Norway, in his Introduction to *The Mountains Wait*, summarises the history of Narvik for us:

The town of Narvik grew up with the coming of the Industrial Revolution to Norway. We had our industrial revolution late, when the age of electricity set free the latent power of Norway's abundant "white coal." Yet it was not so much electricity as the construction of the iron-ore railway from Kiruna in Sweden which transformed Narvik in the space of a generation from a tiny little trading post into a modern workshop of nearly 10,000 souls. The railway brought work and money and

happiness—and also a multitude of problems—to this far northern community. When Theodor Broch arrived at Narvik . . . he found a lively, active community of railwaymen, dockers, towns-folk, farmers and fishermen grappling with their local problems in the typical democratic Norwegian way.

Ordinary People

It was these people—ordinary, sterling people—who planned for peace, but had to face up to war: a war that broke on them overnight. Narvik, on its waterside, with its well-to-do or modest but always decent houses, its "high" buildings of never more than three stories, its business and its residential quarters, its civic buildings, its rose-gardens, all with the background of the superb mountain, might be the prototype of any small thriving town. "We met the director of the Swedish Iron Ore Company, the City and District Judges, the Doctors, the Parson, the Veterinary Surgeon, the Police Chief, and the higher officials of the railway—all friendly and well-meaning people." Theodor Broch also met, in the practice of his profession, the neighbouring country folk, and visited up-country farms. He gives some delightful sketches of "types"—Mrs. Polly of the hotel, the injured Amanda, whose engagement had lasted twenty years; the old farmer in trouble over the hire-purchased sewing-machine. . . . And he makes us see the young people strolling and flirting along Narvik waterside in the long, shining dusks.

Could one fairly say that such people lived in a fools' paradise? Not only was their planning based on ideals, but, rationally, their



Dorothy Wilding

A Popular Authoress

Daphne du Maurier, in private life the wife of Major-Gen. F. A. M. Browning, D.S.O., has just published a new novel, "Hungry Hill." Some years ago she wrote a biography of her famous actor father, the late Sir Gerald du Maurier, and her successful novels include "Rebecca" and "Frenchman's Creek," now being filmed in Technicolor

future appeared secure. The pre-war infiltration of sinister German "tourists" with their field-glasses and their arrays of maps was a matter for perplexity, not alarm. Quisling's lecture, at the Temperance Hall, was regarded as a supreme joke. Increasing Nazi aggression was hated—but was this Narvik's affair? "Such things do not happen," thought Narvik, going about its business. But some eyes saw the gulls fly low. And then came April 9.

The ninth of April was a Tuesday. That day the lightning struck and broke our world in pieces. It cannot be said that it came without warning. We had seen the storm growing on the horizon, but we had not realised that it would hit even us.

Of that day itself, and its frightful dawn, its incredulity and its threats of chaos, Theodor Broch's account could not be more moving. It is moving because it is so restrained and terse. And, in exactly the same manner, are described the days, the weeks and the months to come. *The Mountains Wait* has been likened to John Steinbeck's *The Moon is Down*. But here we have the stamp of experience—a stamp no imagination can imitate. The hero-mayor writes of the risks he ran with impersonality—twice he was held to be shot, twice he escaped. We owe much, however, to the vividness of his pen. His final, enforced escape has been followed by years of travel: he is now on the move constantly, at work for his country's freedom. It is for the return of victorious peace to Norway that, through the eyes of Broch's vision, we see her mountains wait.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

LACK of refinement,

except in the mind,

never, thank good-

ness, sends shudders down my back. I love accents and brogues, and local forms of speech and local words. I even like the "whine" of my own county's dialect, because the moment I hear it I am back home again and, over the topic of Goose Fair, I can recapture something of the past. I like Cockneyisms in their proper place—which is out of the mouth of a true-born Londoner. I hope I shall never hear my plumber speak in an imitation of the manner of Alvar Liddell, nor a farm labourer out of Somerset or Yorkshire become indistinguishable from one in Lancashire or Northumberland. I don't want to live in a world where all are educated on the same artificial pattern, and the human voice B.B.C.-ed out of all individuality and life.

Artificiality of conduct is dreary enough, but artificiality of conversational approach immediately kills the jolliest side of intimacy. So long as people don't drop bricks, I care not how many aitches they scatter about indiscriminately. I suppose I was born completely class-unconscious. I would not have it otherwise, anyway. Provided people are entirely natural, I don't mind in the very least if they are totally unaware of beauty in art, music, literature, science, or any of the higher mental crafts. I only ask of them to be completely themselves and with no pretension to be other than they are. Then, since naturalness usually—except among

By Richard King

the pompous and the bores—begets naturalness, something of the fun in human association is born forthwith. A world which is stamped all over according to an approved ideal will be a dead world indeed—no matter what airs and graces the approvers bestow upon it. Just as a little dust lends a lived-in atmosphere to a room, so a little ignorance and vulgarity keeps us human and vital.

One can so easily become too, too refined. It was a Victorian ideal—especially among women. No one really believed in it, because it is against human nature to be all peace pledges and honey all the time. Moreover, it usually had a paralysing effect upon the mind, the result being that one had to avoid so many subjects, lest by discussing them one opened a metaphorical box which, among the excessively refined, should never be unlocked. It kept everything on a super-dreary level of superficiality. Equally dreary, too, was the attitude that everything might be discussed providing it was approached boldly enough—an affectation from the last war. So that the young talked out of text-books and hearsay and seldom from experience. So much audacity and so little *savoir-faire*. It was all very dirty and dreary. Nevertheless, it broke ice. And the less ice there is to break between one man and another the more closely we shall attain to a socialism which at least is, in its more exciting sense, social.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Fletcher — Medhurst

Second Lt. Alexander K. H. Fletcher, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. H. Fletcher, of 20, York Place, Harrogate, married Monica E. H. Medhurst, elder daughter of Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. C. E. H. Medhurst, of The White House, Bishopthorpe, York, at St. Andrew's, Bishopthorpe.



Miss S. E. Shorting

Susai Elizabeth Shorting, daughter of the late Canon Shorting and Mrs. Shorting, of Monkswood House, St. Albans, is engaged to J. A. H. Gott, G.M., R.A.F.V.R., son of the late Rev. J. A. Gott, of Whitlegate, Cheshire



Esmonde — Cooper

Capt. Patrick Esmonde, R.A.M.C., youngest son of the late Dr. J. Esmonde, M.P., and Mrs. Esmonde, of Rosinagh, Borrisokane, Co. Tipperary, married Marcia Cooper, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cooper, of Seven Acres, Fridaythorpe, at St. Peter's Catholic Church, Scarborough



Streatfield-Moore — Shipway

Frank Alexander Streatfield-Moore, of Oak-hanger Park, Newbury, married Joan Winsford Shipway, elder daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Shipway, of Shefford Woodlands, Newbury, at Great Shefford Parish Church



Randall — Curwen

Capt. Rowland E. R. Randall, R.A.S.C., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Randall, of Tunbridge Wells, Kent, and Kathleen Curwen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Curwen, of Wissenden House, Betherston, were married quietly at Betherston



Armstrong — Waddilove

Lt. John Whitfield Armstrong, S.A.N.F., of Kroonstad, South Africa, and Frances Nina Hope Waddilove, of Saltaire House, Dyke Road Avenue, Hove, were married at St. John's Church, Hove



Stuart — Pares

F/Lt. R. L. C. Stuart, R.A.A.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Stuart, of Elwood, Melbourne, Victoria, married Mrs. Mary Pares, only daughter of Sir Alan and Lady Rae Smith, of Furzedown, Limpsfield, Surrey, at St. Andrew's, Limpsfield



Ayre — Lane

Capt. John Bray Bully Ayre, Royal Artillery, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. B. Ayre, of St. John's, Newfoundland, and Margaret Isobel Lane, daughter of Mr. C. M. Lane, C.S.I., and Mrs. Lane, of Waldron, Sussex, were married recently



Petrocochino — Evill

Capt. John W. Petrocochino, R.M., son of the late A. W. Petrocochino and of Mrs. Paul Stanley, and Rosemary Evill, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Evill, of Chepstow, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 201)

was watching the horses with great interest. Everyone was glad to see the Hon. John Fox-Strangways racing again and looking very cheerful. Badly wounded, he was repatriated via America.

Among the soldiers who managed to snatch a day's racing were that keen G.R., Major-Gen. Herbert Lumsden, whose military achievements go to show that racing is a good school for quick wits, and the Hon. Anthony Mildmay, who, had the reins not broken after jumping the last fence well in front, would undoubtedly have won the Grand National on Davy Jones. He was talking to Lady Alexandra Beasley. Others seen were the Hon. Mrs. Henry Tufton, Brig.-Gen. the Hon. Charles Lambton, Mrs. Scott-Miller, Major and Mrs. "Geoff" Harbord, Mr. John Dewar, Miss Jean Rose, and Sir Eric Ohlson, whose brother, Mr. T. Ohlson, as a private in the Army, caused a sensation by paying 17,000 guineas for that lovely mare Olein at the sale of Lord Glanely's bloodstock. She has since repaid him for his opinion of her worth by producing a colt foal by Hyperion.

Reception

THE High Commissioner for Canada and Mrs. Vincent Massey were the guests of honour at the Allied Officers' Reception given by the welcome committee of the Overseas League this month.

Several prominent Canadians were there, including Gen. Vanier, who has recently been appointed Canadian Minister to the Allies—he lost a leg in the last war—Air Marshal Edwards, and several Canadian Air Force officers. Interesting personalities were Air Vice-Marshal Orlebar—he is Deputy Chief of Combined Operations—winner of the Schneider Trophy, and Sir Malcolm Campbell, the racing motorist.

Mr. Anthony Eden was there, and also Sir Walter Womersley, Minister of Pensions; Viscount Knollys, Governor of Bermuda, and Viscountess Knollys; Major Sir Brunel Cohen, a former M.P., who lost both legs in the last war, and who has been treasurer of the British Legion for twenty years; Admiral Sir William James, M.P., and Lady James; Sir David and Lady Maxwell-Fyfe; Air-Cdre. and Mrs. Huskisson; and Sir Ian and Lady Fraser.

Representatives of all the Allies were present, including the Greek and Turkish Ambassadors, the Mexican Minister, and Gen. Phaff, who is A.D.C. to Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. The guests were received by Sir Jocelyn Lucas, chairman of the Welcome Committee, and Mrs. Elliott Ware, who is the moving spirit of the Allied Circle.

Country Convalescence

LADY FAIRFAX has taken her elder son, Lord Fairfax ("Tommy" to nearly everybody), who is on sick leave from his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, down to her cottage on the family estate at Thorpe-le-Soken which has the quaint name of Comarques—after a Huguenot owner of some 300 years ago. Before leaving London, Lord Fairfax spent a considerable part of his enforced stay in bed teaching himself to type, with a typewriter balanced somewhat precariously on a breakfast tray. He was at his mother's flat in Prince's Gate, a charming, sunny flat full of pictures, including some by Vandyck and Romney, brought from the big house at Comarques, which is now closed.



Johnson, Oxford

Oxford Opening of a Y.W.C.A. Club

Mrs. Churchill (right), president of the Y.W.C.A. Wartime Fund, opened a new club and hostel for service women at Oxford. With her here are Miss Z. Carson (area organiser), the Duchess of Marlborough, Miss J. Balding (leader-in-charge) and the Hon. Mrs. Erskine. Mrs. Churchill, whose own daughters are serving in the forces, emphasised the need for many more of these clubs

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 214)

Mission

"THE JUDGEMENT OF PARIS," by Margaret Cardew (Faber and Faber 6s.) is a graceful, wise little tragicomedy. To Paris—or, rather, to the English colony there—comes an earnest American lady with "a mission." Edith Ellen Harrington, at forty, is convinced that she has won her way, through suffering, to the secret of life. From lecture platforms all over America she has announced the formula for joy, strength and calm—in fact, on her own side of the Atlantic her successes have reached a fantastic height. She is now prepared to carry the torch to Europe, and Paris comes first on this optimistic tour. Edith Ellen's supporting cast are Miss Dove, her secretary, and Mr. Crocker, her business manager.

But, alas, brilliant, smiling Paris of the mid-1920's turns down Miss Harrington and her message flat. The naïve little American finds herself face to face with the centuries-old disenchantedness of the Old World. In this atmosphere, her phrases—that mean so much to her, and to which her compatriots' breasts have thrilled—sound no more than specious, sentimental and trite. She confronts half-empty and critical instead of packed and responsive, halls. Only two zealous materialists—tiresome Miss Crawford (whose headquarters are the English Governesses' Hostel) and rich, but erratic and fickle, old Mrs. Lacy. Mrs. Lacy takes Miss Harrington up, invites her to lunch, then finally whisks her off to recuperate from a breakdown in her idyllic country house at Chartres.

The sophisticated circle of Mrs. Lacy only upsets poor Miss Harrington still more. These leisurely, cosmopolitan English and French people have their own secret life, that she cannot plumb. They have also, under the surface, their private agonies, not to be cured by quotations from Kipling's "If" and the poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The Paris lunch-party, the weeks at Chartres, lead Edith Ellen to question her own ideas—and this ordeal is frightening: is she to lose her faith; has she, after all, no real message to give the world?

At the beginning of *The Judgement of Paris*, one detests Edith Ellen, and shares the feelings of Julia, who laughs aloud at the lecture to which she is forced to go. By the end one can feel respect, even sympathy. This is because, throughout the course of the novel, the central as well as the other characters have been developed with a remarkable skill, each serving to throw a light on the others. Mrs. Cardew (whose earlier novel, *A House in Venice*, I recommended to you some time last year) shows, again, a deceptive lightness of touch: she can convey, at all times, more than she says. And in her evocations of Paris—the trees rustling in sunshine, the cool interiors, the fountain playing in the courtyard—you will, though perhaps with a pang, delight.

Cats in Hampstead

IS it "un-English" to have a feeling for cats? Though so delightfully dealt with in French writing—I instance, for a beginning, Pierre Loti and Colette—they are almost totally absent from English literature. The sterling love of the dog, on the other hand, has been by the English, if anything, over-sung. I say not a word against dogs, but I do love cats. I, therefore, hail with great pleasure, and recommend to any who share my tastes, Miss Eleanor Farjeon's cat novel, *Golden Coney* (Michael Joseph; 6s.).

Miss Farjeon writes about cats as they really are. She neither gives them anthropomorphic natures nor paints them in terms of human sentiment. There are a man and a woman in *Golden Coney*, but it is the five cat characters, and their relationships, who dominate one's interest from first to last. The great sun-coloured "god of the tiles," that bitten-eared amorous who sires thousands of golden Hampstead kittens, is a true D. H. Lawrence type. In brindled Bunny, we meet the eternal feminine. Poor Pickle, frustrated in early love for Bunny, comes within inches of a nervous breakdown. Long-legged, rather dog-like Nonny, with his kind, plain face, is, on the whole, undramatic. But the lyric, the appealing note in the novel, is struck by *Golden Coney*, that everlasting angel kitten, herself. . . . Miss Farjeon describes, without illusions, the horrors of a motor drive, on a hot day, from Hampstead into Sussex with three outraged cats.

The W.I."

"WOMEN'S INSTITUTES," by Cicely McCall, is one of this month's additions—and a most welcome one—to the "Britain in Pictures" Series (Collins; 4s. 6d.). Women's Institutes, though they only began in the last war, now play a far-reaching part in English rural life. In fact, a feminine country-dweller who fails to link up with her local Institute misses, in my view, a good deal more than she knows. I owe to the Oxfordshire Institute, to which I belonged, years of pleasure, friendships and interests. What fun we had, in the course of our undertakings, and how well we all got to know each other! And "the W.I." I remember, had a great way of bringing in newcomers, who came, perhaps, from a distance and might have lived in our midst, without getting to know a soul.

I could wish that Miss McCall had given rather more space to the normal, or peacetime, life of the Institutes, and less to the purely wartime activities. She deals rather too much with the temporary. Women's Institute members learned to know in peacetime what many people discover only in war—the pleasures of working together, of sharing an aim. I was sorry to find, for instance, that drama competitions, local-history research, "group" meetings, and various other interests were hardly more than touched on in this book. I feel the ideal work of Women's Institutes should be a sort of symposium. But Miss McCall is good on the informative side.



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By Appointment

Schweppes

Table Waters



Too much cannot be said in favour of the Kent-Cosby "Allure" hairbrush, as it is hygienic and reliable: an illustration of it appears above. Kent-Cosby, Liberty House, 222, Regent Street, will be pleased to send the name and address of their nearest agent on application. Among its many advantages is that the bristles take out for washing, and they can be thoroughly cleansed from tip to root. To detach them from the handle-back is a matter of a second. Furthermore, each brush is supplied with a small absorbent pad, which may be saturated with perfume which penetrates through special holes in the bristle refill, and thus imparts a fragrance to the hair. The bristles are scientifically placed, so that they stimulate and cleanse the scalp and give a glossy finish to the set of the wave. The handles of these brushes are decorative

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

The jumper-suit, which to-day is well in the limelight, has many points in its favour and may appropriately be worn on an infinite number of occasions. Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, are responsible for the one pictured below. It is carried out in black satin back crêpe; it is stencilling, not embroidery, which trims it, and is an excellent substitute for the latter. The vest is white. It is here that are to be seen a large collection of gaily printed frocks in many materials. Care has been taken to select those fabrics that do not become easily crushed. A wrinkle well worth remembering when garments have been packed is to shake them out and put them before the fire or in the sun for a short period. Although women are thinking of the warm weather, travel coats are a necessity, but they must be warm and light. A feature is also made here of sand-shades which will keep their pristine freshness for a lengthened period. Utility fashions, too, are well represented



It really is a mental tonic to visit the House Coat department at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, where everything is bright and summery. A twin set, consisting of pyjamas and wrapper, is illustrated on the left. Made of peach-coloured fancy broché relieved with deep red, they may be sold separately or together. There are many variations on this theme, and a strong point in their favour is that they do not easily become crushed. Then there are striped, lightweight housecoats which will likewise fulfil the mission of a dressing-gown, hence they are invaluable when travelling. They silhouette the figure in a decidedly becoming manner. A new note is struck by the short black satin skirts destined to be worn with chiffon blouses, naturally the skirts will do duty on a variety of other occasions. Many blouses are gauged and have amusingly been called Venetian blinds

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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

JACKSON missed his train the other evening, so he went to have his hair to while away the time till the next train left. When he entered the barbershop, he was in no amiable frame of mind.

"Cut it without conversation," he growled, as he took his place in the chair. "I don't want any hair restorer, scalp invigorator, dandruff eradicator, hair lotion, or anything else. I don't interest myself in boxing, racing or football. As regards the weather——"

Here a customer nudged Jackson's elbow.

"You'll have to write it down on his slate," he said. "He's deaf and dumb."

PAT had done some work for the local squire, who was so pleased that he asked him if he would like a drop of whisky.

"Yes, sorr," replied Pat.

"Hot or cold?" asked the squire.

"Cold, sorr," was the answer. "I'll never have any more hot whisky as long as I live."

"That's funny," replied the squire. "What makes you say that?"

"Well, you see, sorr, it's like this," answered Pat. "The other night I had a dram, and in the dram a man asked me to have a drop of whisky, and I asked whether I'd have it hot or cold. I said 'hot' and believe it or not, while the kettle was boiling I woke up."



"Bang, Bang! You're Dead." "Clank, Clank! I'm a Tank!"

TWO hermits lived on adjoining islands. Although each was aware of the other's existence, neither paid the other a visit for more than twenty years.

One day, however, the taller hermit called on his brother recluse. They chatted for some fifteen minutes, and then the visitor left.

Some ten years later, the taller hermit once more knocked on his neighbour's door. The shorter hermit opened the door and saw his friend standing there.

"Hullo, old man," he greeted him. "Forget something?"

"I HAVE lived all my life in this one city," said the orator, "and if you count the public houses in this city you will find there are one hundred and eighty-two. But I can proudly say I have never been in one of them."

A voice came from the back of the hall. "Which one?"

WHEN the chemist returned from lunch his new assistant reported that a customer with a hangover had called, and he had given him something with the kick of a mule in it.

"Talk about a pick-me-up!" the young man said. "I'll bet that mix will blow the top of his head off."

"I hope you were careful what you gave him," said the chemist, nervously. "You don't know what harm you might have done him."

"Oh, you needn't worry," replied the smart youngster. "I got him to sign the poison book!"

MRS. JONES was very proud of her son, who showed promise as an athlete. "You know, dear," she said proudly to a neighbour, "he must be a very fast runner. Look at this newspaper report of the sports yesterday. It says he fairly burned up the track."

"And it's quite true," she added confidentially. "I went to see the track this morning, and it's nothing but cinders."

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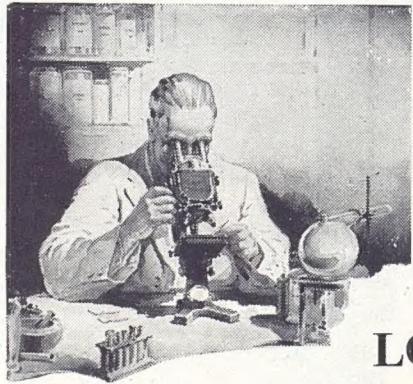
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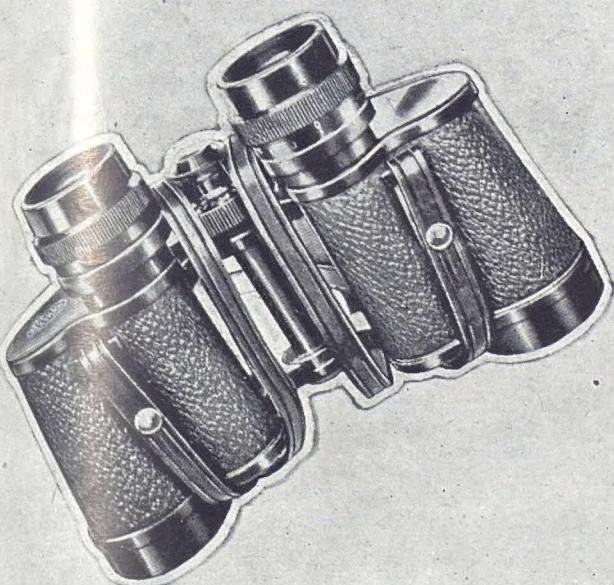
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